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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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IN MEMORY OF ASA PACKER.

He scattered the seeds of his benevolence with a liberal hand, and the fruits of Education and Science sprang up in his path.

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P U C K ' S C O M P L I M E N T S T O M R . N A S T .

[See cartoon on last page.]

THE season is awfully dull and dead. There are no cashiers running away with other people's money, no Hilton Christians barring their palatial hostilities to Seligman Jews, no reverend mountebanks disgracing their religion, no cartoonable wrongs to be righted, and no pictorial abuses to be exposed.

And so our Independent Artist has calmly walked off to the country, and, while the balmy breezes of the sea fan his artistic brow, left it to the editorial force to get up a cartoon for the last page. This is something quite out of the editorial line, and we can only ask the indulgence of our readers for presenting them with the work of alleged art on the sixteenth page.

The fact is, we have had to turn to our estimable friend, Mr. Thomas Nast. PUCK is a paper for the hour and for the need of the hour, but *Harper's Weekly* is a species of current classic, like the City Directory. Mr. Nast's cartoons have always the beauty of being made useful for any possible situation, social or political, by the introduction of a little extra letter-press. In fact, it is in the item of letter-press that they possess a vast advantage over all other cartoons.

You see, Mr. Nast's recipe for a cartoon is simple. You take a young woman—that is, a woman something under one hundred and ninety years of age—with an anatomy which shows how much superior Mr. Nast is to nature in originality and eccentricity, you stand her up in the middle of a sheet of a paper, with a Roman sword in her hand, a Grecian cornice on her head and an expression of mingled agony, enthusiasm and nausea in her face, you surround her with a howling wilderness of posters, newspapers, extracts and literature in

general, and you have your picture—after you have put a chapter from the Patent-Office reports under it, for a "caption."

Of course, it is certain to please all readers. If your taste is for a cartoon on the Chinese question, you may so consider it. If you want a yellow fever picture, there it is. If you want a caricature showing up the awful prevalence of acute cerebro-spinal meningitis among the Papuans of South Utopia, why, bless you, it fits the case to a dot.

So there you have our cartoon, and we hope you like it. We think, ourselves, it is rather a neat little thing in its distinguished originator's line. Observe the beautiful cross-hatching, done with a ruler that cost two dollars and a half. Note the anatomical novelty of the left arm. Cast your eye over the interesting literature in the midst of which the young person is standing.

And if there isn't enough of the cartoon to satisfy you, insatiable reader, turn over the page. The matter there comes quite within the range of the cartoon proper, according to the canons of the school of Mr. Thomas Nast.

ILLUSTRATIONS TO FAMOUS POEMS.

No. I.



"She was not fair or full of grace."

—Barry Cornwall.

J U N E .

Now the druggist hauls out the can of vanilla-syrup left over from last summer, and skims the layer of dead flies off the top thereof, and he poureth of the liquid in equal quantities into the various syrup receptacles in his soda-water fountain. Then he winketh a wicked wink, and he taketh down from the shelves cans and jars, containing citric and picric acids, and safflower, and aniline dyes, and other chemicals calculated to deceive, and he mixeth of them in the different syrup-holders, according to their respective colors, and degrees of acidity or sweetness. And soon the generous youth will escort the girl he loves to the front of that counter, and request her to bawl out. And she will request "strawberry," and he will take "lemon" in his'n, and, if her little brother is along, as oftentimes happens, he will call for "pineapple;" but all the same shall each of them be given the extract of the odoriferous vanilla-bean, and the variety of flavor shall be in imagination alone.

Puckerings.

HEREAFTER he is Dr. Lorne.

JEROME PARK is quite a little Hascot, y' know.

If you want to be the Correct English Kibosh, say "what's the Hodd?"

Is there anything more aggravating than a mantelpiece polished on the under side?

No, young man, Lisle-thread gloves are not legal tender for a lost bet with a pretty girl.

"GIRLS of true mettle are scarce."—*Harper's Bazar*. Stupid! Thought everybody numismatics!

LONDON's fashionable drive is known as Rotten Row, because addled horses are so numerous there.

MORE Parole! The English Jockey is already evincing a tendency to speak of 'orses with an American accent, and an H.

MAN is a gudgeon—woman is the line: her smile, the float: her kiss, the bait: Love is the hook. And marriage is the frying-pan.

"LARGE COLLARS will be fashionable this season." Yes, but probably scarcer than last year. Cashiers and sich-like are more carefully watched.

JUNE, with a rose in her hair;
Sweet as her breath is sweet;
Her lips a-quiver with song,
With a ripple of soft warm air
Stirred by her love-urged feet,
Is boozing right along.

AND now the young man whose ambition it is to be known as a "masher" lingereth at the street-corner florist's, and purchaseth a button-hole bouquet for a nickel, and exhibiteth it in the office, and sayeth, "A fair maiden pinned this on." And he doth not lie, for the flower vendor's daughter is fair; but only fair—not even middling.

SOON the love-lorn maiden will hid to the meadows, and pluck the dandelion that has run to fluff, and, as she blows the "feathers" off, will murmur alternately, "He loves me" and, "He loves me not." And the chances are one in two that the oracle will decide as pleaseth her best; but if it prove obstinate, then will she say, "Surely I counted not correctly," and will give herself another show.

WERE we right? We killed a man the other day because he said that billiard-players would not go to Jerome Park because they could not play pool—that the horses won the baize by making good runs—that it was a pity Jem mace was not on hand—that racing was curious, in that you had to make your scratch before the game—and he went on like that for two hours.

PURCELL'S PENCE.

THE notoriety given to the affairs of Archbishop Purcell by the display made over them by the hierarchy of the Roman Catholic Church, at the recent dedication of St. Patrick's Cathedral, again attracts public opinion towards that most reverend bankrupt. The matter is made public property by the published address of the Cardinal and bishops and the demand made upon the American people, of Catholic faith, to put their hands in their pockets and extricate the old prelate from the difficulties in which he finds himself submerged.

Now we don't want to say any harsh words about any old gentleman, and we have no bias, one way or the other, regarding Mr. Purcell, but we do say that his system of financing deserves severe rebuke, not sympathy; and that the moral support he has received from the clergy is entirely wrong.

Nobody supposes that he stole the millions of which he is "short"; there is no need of the re-iterated statements that he lived frugally, and that his personal expenses were light, the fact is that he received millions of dollars from the hands of too trusting members of his diocese, and that the money has been squandered—somehow. It was trust money and he has been unfaithful to his trust.

Now, if it is right for the Church to condone his irregularities (to put it mildly), it would be right to do the same thing in all circumstances. If a weak or an incompetent public official should squander the public funds, the nation should be called upon to draw its checks for little and big amounts to make up the deficit; and tears of sympathy should be sprinkled for the unfortunate Statesman.

Or, if AB, trustee, should allow leaks to spring around the funds he holds, until, somehow or other, there remain "no assets," his grief-stricken creditors should mourn over him who would be comforted, if they would only put their hands in their pockets and assist him.

The glaring fact is patent to all men that this prelate of the diocese of Cincinnati has for years been building great temples of worship, splendid edifices, schools, convents, etc., for his religion, and didn't care where the money came from, so long as he got it. He didn't bother himself about repayment or seek means to make himself financially solvent; but just scooped in all he could get, and trusted to his luck.

And the more prominent members of his Church seem to have been asleep all this time. If one of their business neighbors had been building a marble residence, with plate-glass conservatories, and spreading himself generally in his way of living, the question would at once have been asked, "Where does the money come from? But all these years the Archbishop has been building and building; he has even lent money to his business friends to help them to get rich and be happy—and nobody asked, "Where does he get all this money?"

Can it be wondered that the crash came, and that it was a tremendous crash?

And now, forsooth, the whole Catholic population is to pay the piper. Poor and struggling priests, laboring to get even the humblest place of worship for their flocks, must divert their scanty funds to pay for the gorgeous Cincinnati cathedral. Bishops who have pleaded to their people until almost ashamed to plead more, must now plead for Purcell. And as recently Bishop Ryan boasted that the N. Y. Cathedral was built by the pennies of the poor, so now the pennies of the poor—God help them! they have but few in these hard times—must go to Purcell.

No wonder the shame of the whole thing can be read between the lines in the address of the

Cardinal and the Bishops. They apologize, and they smooth over, and they don't wish to establish a precedent. They wriggle and squirm, and probably no person in the community feels the situation so keenly as the right reverend clergy themselves.

It is best to be just before one is generous; and it would have been a fine showing if some Bishop had the moral courage to have said to his brethren: "I have no money to give away. All the money my people can give is due to the creditors of my diocese." But the fiat went forth, and no voice of opposition was heard. So if New York helps Ohio to-day, some other diocese will have to help New York sooner or later, and Kalamazoo will beg Hohokus to lift the mortgage from its Cathedral until, in a merry-go-round, the finances of the Church will get into an inextricable muddle, out of which even the open purses of its generous children will be unable to extricate it.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

THE new kind of civil service reform, that gives such choice bits as \$1,200 clerkships out for competition, and reserves such paltry places as collectorships, surveyorships, &c., for the President's friends, has reached Boston. A commission sat in the Custom House there, a short time ago, to examine candidates for a \$900 clerkship. We have been fortunate enough to obtain a copy of the questions asked, and the answers which carried off the prize, and we herewith present them:

Q. About what point does this world revolve? Ans. Boston.

Q. What body of water has the largest number of prime first-class frogs to the quart? Ans. Boston's lake.

Q. Who is the most distinguished literary man in the world? Ans. Emerson.

Q. Why? Ans. Because the involutions, evolutions, convolutions and revolutions of his brain are so ramified and voluminous that outside barbarians find it impossible to comprehend the emanations of his gigantic intellect.

Q. If it takes three Bostonians one day to do a piece of work requiring the exercise of the intellect, how long will it take three New Yorkers to do the same work? Ans. Nine days.

Q. Explain how Joe Cook's lectures strike different communities. Ans. To Chicagoans they are stumbling-blocks; to New Yorkers foolishness; to Bostonians a religion.

Q. In what language are those lectures delivered? Ans. Bostonese.

Q. Is there any difference between Concord philosophy and no philosophy at all? Ans. There is a difference, but the delicacy of the distinction requires a more subtle language than the English in which to express it.

Q. What are the principles of the political parties in Massachusetts? Ans. Of the Republican party to beat Ben Butler; of the regular Democratic party, to beat Ben. Butler; of the rump Democracy, to use Ben Butler.

Q. What did the Governor of Massachusetts say to the Governor of Maine? Ans. There's too much drinking between times.

There is shortly to be an examination at the Boston Custom House for an \$1,100 clerkship. Our advice to New Yorkers, however, is not to compete. If a \$900 fellow knows enough to answer the foregoing questions, an \$1,100 must be a miracle of erudition.

Who knows but what the day may come when we can, without making ourselves a laughing-stock in everybody's eyes, venture to examine our Presidents in reading, writing and arithmetic? At present it is our opinion that it is uncommonly lucky for Hayes that he was not an applicant for that \$900 clerkship.

IN MEMORY OF ASA PACKER.

[See cartoon on first page.]

IT is really nuts for PUCK to get hold of the career of a really good man, for our nature leads us rather to caress than to chide; and we only chastise when fraud and hypocrisy become an offense to the public eye, and a stench in the public nostril.

Some of our contemporaries, whom we esteem in spite of their stupidity, get angry now and again with us, because, forsooth, we have the courage to tear the mask off Humbug, and don't beslobber Vice because it has many dollars in its pockets, and many toad-eaters to lift their voices and cry "hurrah!" to it.

So let our fault-finding friends see if there is not a little glass in their own houses before they throw stones at us; and let the high and mighty of Earth, be they priest, politician, or what not, clean their own skirts if they don't want to feel the point of PUCK's pencil.

Verbum sap.

But Oh, how sweet and pleasant a thing it is to do reverence to a noble life, which rounded its grand career in a beautiful death! From the modest mansion beneath the great mountain of Mauch Chunk have issued some of the noblest charities of the age.

Like many others of our millionaires Asa Packer was what it is the fancy to call "self-made"; that is, he was the creator of his own fortune. But instead of hoarding his money until the last breath of life had gasped itself out of his expiring body, he did his good during his life-time; he saw to it that his money was really and truly put where it would do the most good, and that no humbuggery of trustees could divert it from its proper channels.

He was not content with giving with a liberal hand, but he kept as watchful an eye upon his donations as he did upon his great business interests.

So his liberal gifts and his sensible way of making them render his life a thing of beauty and his memory a joy forever.

Surely it must be pleasant for a rich man, dying, to lie down to pleasant dreams of thousands he has never seen, mourning his loss and blessing him for his good deeds.

No need to wait for the opening of his will; he lets the world know what sort of a man he is by his record while living.

Now, here's a great chance for some of our big millionaires who still live in the flesh. We present to them the record of Asa Packer. Do good before your wills are opened by the family lawyer on the return from your funeral.

If you seek an opportunity, look around you! There are as many as you have ducats in your coffers. But don't, Oh don't do what was once done by a great Boston merchant. Don't offer to endow a great charitable institution in case it is called after your name. And don't do good by stealth. This doing good by stealth which is told of rich men after their death makes our heart sick.

Let your light shine. Rather let your well-fed clergyman say over your bier "he nobly sent eighteen dozen porous plasters to the Fiji Islanders," than to say "he did good by stealth!" It seems such a groping about in the dark to say something which will take the curse off the dead man's memory, to mumble out "he did good by stealth."

So, O ye millionaires, scatter your dollars while you live, and while you live receive the love and admiration of your fellow man. You will all imitate Asa Packer in his business shrewdness; imitate him also in his charities.

There is one more thing, also, in which you might follow his example to advantage—make a will that can't be broken.

TOM MOORE.

(BORN MAY 28TH, 1779.)

FROM A HIBERNIAN POINT OF VIEW.

AH, then, Scotland has half-crazy turns,
When she cocks up her bonnet for Burns,
By my soul, and I think he's poor stuff;
And as for that gentleman Scott,
With his castles and chiefs and what not,
Just one page of his book is enough.

And there's something mightily queer
In Milton, Pope and Shakspere;
They're English, ma'am—that is the reason;
If you tried, ma'am, to read them, you'd fail,
The same is God's truth, I'll go bail,
And, sure, if you could, 'twould be treason.

But, luck to you, ma'am, there's Tom Moore,
'Twas elegant songs he sang, sure,
And all of them rhyming so neatly;
The Briens, the Caseys, the Gradies,
The very tiptopsomest ladies,
Were kilt with their beauty completely.

For the very best place on the earth
For shoemaking, drinking and mirth,
Is Ireland—God help her to show it!
And for singing of ladies and wine,
And everything else that's divine,
Tom Moore is the broth of a poet.

Before the saints sent him along,
The world was just dead for a song;
Arrah! who could sing Milton or Pope?
But their failings is none in my way,
It's the black word I never would say,
Now it's better they're doing, we hope.

But when Burns and the fine Mister Scott,
Mr. Shakspere and Pope are forgot,
And Milton puts men in a passion,
Tom Moore, with his elegant style,
The hearts of the world will beguile,
And just set the height of the fashion.

One hundred birthdays he has had:
I wish him ten thousand, by dad!
And ten thousand more when they're done.
There's Tom Moore and the shamrock so green!
A toast worth the best of potteens,
And good luck to us, every one!

BEWARE!

I.

KEEP wakeful eye and ear, my friend,
For all mankind;
Thou canst not know nor tell, my friend,
What lurks behind
The flattering speech, the gracious smile—
How little truth, how much of guile,
Is hid within the heart the while.
Beware!

II.

Remember, e'en thyself, my friend,
Hast crafty grown;
Consider how Deceit, my friend,
Erst deeply sown
Within thy breast, slow fed upon
Its kindlier nature, until won
The victory o'er thy peace undone.
Beware!

III.

Ah, Life's a losing game, my friend,
A taunting blank—
When Love itself is tricked, my friend,
By wealth and rank;
Take counsel of thy wit, and seek
No favors that thy feelings pique—
Of both the fawning and the meek
Beware!

IV.

Trust him who makes thee pay, my friend,
And squarely, too,
For all he grants; 'tis he, my friend,
Alone that's true.
He hath no subterfuge, no plan
To cheat or cozen; such a man
Thou canst respect, and waive this ban:
"BEWARE!"

ERRATIC ENRIQUE.

REMARKABLE, is it not, that railroad accidents are not more numerous, when every road in the country employs along its line men who are always flagging in their duty?

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. XCI.

TRIBULATION.



Ya-as, it's a verwy fine featchah in a fellow's charwactah when he has the fwankness to admit that he has aw done wong or made a blasted a-a-ass of himself. It takes away a considerable portion of the disreputable ideah of the aw cwime. Don't mean to say, ye know, that my vagarwies were so eccentric or outwageous that it was necessarwy that I be twied befaw a jurwy just as pwisonah fellows are twied, and aw sometimes sentenced to be twansported; but, 'pon my soul, my wecent behavior in the pwersence of Miss Marguerwite was doosid bad form aw, almost appwoaching a verwy inferwiah description of vulgarwity. Ya-as, I acted verwy much like a snob of the purwest and adulterated type.

Aw of course I wefer to my pwesenting myself at Miss Marguerwite's wesidence aftah I had dined and had imbibed extensively fwom sundwy bottles of sherwy and *Gwaves*.

I am not desirwous of making any widiculous excuses, but befaw twelating what passed between Miss Marguerwite and myself aftah the unfortunate occurwence, though at the wisk of wanderwing fwom my subject, I wish to make a wemark or two about that dinnah at the Bwevoort and the fellaws therat.

Aw, ye see, I had to invite these fellaws in weturn for some twifling attentions shown to Jack and me, and I felt rewarded as I saw these Amerwicans appweciate my apparently hearty wecognition of their aw courtesy.

Always twy to be as affable and cordial as possible to my inferwiahs. Awfully good form, ye know, pwovided you don't let them imagine

you're patwonizing them, although you may do so in weality. But in this countwy it's a dweadfully difficult thing to do this patwonizing business naturwally.

An Amerwican fellow, when he has a gweat deal of money, nevah gives you an opportunity of allowing the fact to vanish fwom your memorwy. He's so awfully fwighted that he would lose my wespect if I thought he was a man of only moderwate means, and consequently he invarwiably wefers to his wonderfuwwy gwand possessions, his horses or his yacht, his guns, his dogs, his bown-stone-fwont house, and his place in the countwy, if he has one. But I am weally wanderwing away, and, no mistake, particularly when I started to wite about gweat twibulations.

I aw wote to Miss Marguerwite a very apologetic note and asked her if she would gwiawciously gwant me an interview.

She weponded favorably, and I called on her one morning, feeling aw just a twifle sheepish, as any fellow would have been undah similiw distwessing circumstances.

She weceived me in a dignified mannah, but I don't think I evah saw her looking so awfully pwetty. Her voice was aw kind in tone, and altogethah the weceptiona was differwnt fwom what I expected. Am quite sure no Fitznoodle faw the last seven or eight centurwies evah—well, felt so heartily ashamed of himself, faw it is aftah all terwibly degwading faw a gentleman to get even half dwunk. Snobs and cads may do it, but not Fitznoodles.

I was the bearwah of an invitation fwom Jack to Miss Marguerwite to accompany us on the Coaching Parwade—Jack dwiving, ye know. She accepted, and I shall have something maw to say about this arwangement herewafter aw.

BROADWAY at six o'clock P. M. presents a brilliant vista to the man who will stand in the middle of the street and watch the dying sunrays shimmering on the 11,972,821 brass buttons that ornament the backs of the home-returning shop-girls.

A BROKEN FAN.

A BROKEN fan, a fragile, odorous thing,
Of fretted sandal-wood, with flecks of steel,
And eider-down, and feathers from the wing,
Maybe, of some bright bird, that once did feel
The perfect bliss of being, as it flew
From flower to flower, and rivaled them in hue.

I gave it her just two short years ago;
We stood half hidden, 'midst a wealth of flowers,
And listened to the sweet melodious flow
Of "Amorettenzünze." Hour of hours!
Ah! tell me not that ignorance is bliss,
When so much knowledge can be in a kiss!

And yet, the memory reigns not in my mind,
As tenderly I touch the toy;
It would, perhaps, were I of hero kind.
But still I must confess, my thoughts deploy
To when I broke her fan, this very week,
And found how forcibly my wife could speak!

ARTHUR HOSTAGE.

THE CATHEDRAL.

CARDINAL McCLOSKEY dedicated his new Cathedral, on the corner of Fifth Street and Fifth Avenue, on Sunday, May 25th.

It is a very pretty cathedral, quite the Correct Kibosh in the line of cathedrals, and almost as large and commodious as the new PUCK office, which it greatly resembles in its style of architecture. The only objection that we have to find with Mr. McCloskey's cathedral is that it is a little chilly, owing to the large amount of white marble employed in its construction, as well as to the cold cheek of its managers, as displayed in the price they put on orchestra seats for the opening performance. This frigidity, however, will probably enable these gentlemen to let out their temple as a refrigerator during the summer months, an idea which we hereby tender them, free of charge, and which they will probably have no scruples about accepting.

The ceremonies of dedication were extremely imposing, and the whole entertainment was got up regardless of expense, especially in the item of incense. Cardinal McCloskey's incense is the most pervasive and nastiest we have ever smelt, and therefore, presumably, the sacredest and best calculated to titillate the nostrils of the Supreme Being who is supposed to take spice pastilles as an old man takes snuff.

The performance began at ten sharp on the appointed morning, when a drove of very small kids, in Turkey-red gowns, emerged from behind the scenes and wandered among the audience. These were followed by a choice selection of priests, who had on black gowns, and wore their shirts outside. Then came other varieties of priests, differently appareled, but all quite the Correct Kibosh in their various ways, except two debased wretches who wore whiskers and moustaches, which is not the C. K. for priests. Some exception might also be taken to the two Capuchins who came next to the gaudiest division of bishops. One of them was all right; but, there is no denying it, the off Capuchin was altogether too clean and too sparse of beard. After the Capuchins came the Bishops, gorgeously attired according to the degrees of their reverence and right reverence. Last of all in the procession, supported by several highly-colored but unclassified outposts, Mr. McCloskey, the leading man of the company, who is a fine, venerable gentleman, of sixty or seventy years, though we must admit that his proceedings were not calculated to inspire the deepest reverence.

He went outside the building, and thus addressed his creator:

"Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo, et munabor; lavabis me, et super nivem dealbabor."

Which is Latin for:

"Sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop (if you haven't got any hyssop, huckleberry will do); rub me down, and I shall be the boss white man."

After these intellectual remarks, Mr. McCloskey walked solemnly round the building, shaking water on it off a fly-brush, and solemnly intoning:

"Asperagus me, domine!" etc.

Meanwhile, without paying the smallest attention to the performances of their superior, the supers of the company were chanting the following exquisite psalm:

"Miserere mei, Domine, secundum magnam misericordiam tuam — O Lord, have mercy upon me, according to thy great mercy!

Quoniam iniquitatem meam ego cognosco: [bad Latin] et peccatum meum contra me est semper—For I know my iniquity, and my sin is ever before me.

Auditui meo dabis gaudium et lætitiam: [awful construction,] et exaltabunt ossa humiliata—To my hearing thou shalt give joy and gladness, and there shall be a rattling among the dry bones.

Benigne fac, Domine, in bona voluntate tua Sion: at ædificentur muri Jerusalem—O Lord, do graciously in thy good will toward Sion, and give New York a lift, incidentally.

Gloria patri, et filio, et Spiritui Sancto, sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper, et in saecula saeculorum! Aaaamen!

After this little promenade was finished, the Cardinal went indoors, which was wise, for it was very hot, and the entire company sang the "Litany of the Saints," familiarly known as the Holy Directory, which goes something after the following fashion:

Kyrie Eleison.
Christe Eleison.
Smith Eleison.

Omnes sancti beatorum spiritum ordines et Sardines, orate pro nobis.
Sancte Joseph, ora pro nobis.

Sancte Luca,
" Paule,
" Andrea,
" Jacobe,
" Jacobe, jr.,
" Bartholomæ,
" Jones,
" Dionysie Kearneyensis,
" Robinson,
" Petre Coopere,
" Doctor Maria Walker,
" Joannes, (G. the C.)
" Nibse,
" Enoch Morgan's Son's Sapolio,
" Thingumbob,
" Jim,

Ora pro nobis!

Sancti Fabiane et Sebastiane, orate pro nobis!

Sancti Thomaso et Jeremias, orate pro nobis.
Sancti Zwei Lager, orate pro nobis.
Omnis sanctæ virgines et grass viduae, orate pro nobis.

Ab omni malo,
Ab omni peccato,
A George Francis Train,
A subitanea et improvisa morte,
A spiritu benzinis,
Per adventum tuum,
Per Procuratione,
Per gum,

Liber nos, Domine!

Ut nobis parcas,
Ut Central parcas.

The psalm sung, and some other business of minor importance dispatched, Mr. McCloskey ascended to his black-walnut and gilt throne,

and began a series of lightning changes. And here again we must pause to remark that so vast a structure ought to afford suitable dressing rooms, if only for the star artists. This making up right before the audience is not at all the Correct Kibosh.

We did not think much of the Cardinal's protean changes. His costumes were handsome, but showed too much sameness of character. His hats were his strong point. He put on, in the space of one half-hour, seven distinct varieties of hat, namely: 1 square, stone-mason's hat, red; 1 smoking-cap; 1 skull-cap; 1 helmet hat; 1 base-ball cap; 1 silk hat; 1 Glengarry. For spring styles, Cardinal McCloskey ran ahead of all New York.

When this act was finished, a very healthy young sub-deacon, with the best accent and the shadowiest knowledge of Latin quantities ever before heard or heard of, read in a cheerful singsong the story of a "great priest"—name not stated. The story was a very pretty one, and seemed to give the priest a good notice generally; but it lacked action, and was deficient in strong contrasts of character.

Then came the sermon. It was two hours long; but there was nothing else the matter with it. It was preached by Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis. Bishop Ryan is only a Co-adjutor Bishop, but he could probably give points to any average Bishop and beat him. Facetiousness is not called for in regard to Bishop Ryan and his sermon. In delivery and in substance it was a noble piece of work, in spite of the personal brogue that marred the one, and the conventional buncombe that necessarily formed an element of the other.

Bishop Ryan began by saying that it was a very beautiful cathedral, which was quite true, although, viewed from a high artistic standpoint it is only a fine bit of architectural commonplace. He went on to say that he was proud that it was built by the pennies of the poor. On this head there exists a diversity of opinion: but Bishop Ryan's pride was no doubt honest and genuine enough, looking at the matter in his own way. Then came an hour and a half of a grand plea for Christianity in general, and Bishop Ryan's variety of Christianity in particular. Then came a quarter of an hour devoted to a puff of the Irish nation, and the patron saint of Hibernia. Considering that this could at the best be only a square dose of solid Fenianism, *ad captandum vulgus*, it was about as well done as it could be. Still, it came a little flat at the end of a sermon of the merit and originality of that of Mr. Co-adjutor Bishop Ryan of St. Louis.

And then—more Latin, more singing, more costumes, more prostrations, and then the

Ite, Missa est!

And the Cathedral was dedicated.

Dedicated to the Service of the Most High God of a religion that, more than any other religion on earth, claims the seal of a supernatural inspiration and approbation for its doctrines, and whose professors violate those doctrines when they turn their temple into a show and coin their ceremonies into money.

Ite, Missa est.

A ZULU warrior fears a shrew no more than he does an Englishman. If he has a wife that doesn't suit him, he swaps her off for a better one. Who says the Ethiopian cannot change his skin?

"THE Emperor William will release a thousand malefactors to do honor to the occasion of his golden wedding." So the cable informs us. Probably the Emp. didn't want it put just in this way.

LOVE'S INQUIRY.

WHO'D care to have the picture of a rose
When he could kiss the petals on the bush?
Or who would see the sunrise in cold prose,
Nor greet the tropic morning's golden flush?

But if without the garden we are doomed
To wander lonely on a weary way,
Where not a single tender flower has bloomed,
Or cooling fountain tossed its rainbowed spray;

If in the north, amid white seas of snow,
We see in dreams alone a sunny nook,
With voice of birds and rivulet murmuring low—
Then turn we to the picture and the book.

And so, dear girl, with roses for thy cheeks,
And southern sunshine in thy singing heart,
Though I hear not thy voice that music speaks,
Nor see the gladness that thy smiles impart;

Yet from thy garden fling me just one flower,
And of thy summer bud a gentle ray,
That I may have at least one fragrant hour,
One gleam of sunlight in a dreary day.

Write me a letter, darling, which shall seem
At once a bunch of roses and a song.
I hate short notes, so send me half a ream—
Be sure, at least, it's twenty pages long.

Tell me that thou art fond and faithful still,
That thou wouldst be *so* happy at my side;
And mention also, darling, if you will,
HOW MUCH YOUR UNCLE LEFT YOU WHEN HE DIED!

C. C. STARKWEATHER.

MULDOON'S STILL.

A TALE OF MOONSHINE.

IT is a tale of the Moonshinèr,
And the Merry Excise-man,
Which I would tell in hexameter,
Were it not that I never can
Write that exceeding difficult verse,
Though Longfellow's muse may command it:
Or, at least, I can write it, but so much worse
Than he that you wouldn't stand it.

CANTO I.

'Twas in that far South Carolinian region
Whereof I do not know the dialect,
That JONES was officer of an excise legion,
Sent there the whiskey taxes to collect.

Great was the fame of Jones; his many captures
Had made him solid with the government.
He threw the tax-commissioners into raptures—
This man on duty constantly intent.

Jones was the model of a born detective;
He had such scent for whiskey as displays
The New York politician. Much invective
Was heaped on Jones by men of devious ways—

Not to say *crooked*. For, however hidden,
He found their stills. Yea, when but two or three
Were come together in whiskey's name, unbidden
Among the crowd, the Jones was sure to be.

Sure as the angel of death; sure as the waiter
At summer hostleries when great the fees wax.
These mountain hinds nicknamed the sequesterator,
Knowing that he meant business, "Old Beeswax."

But though the Jones had well-nigh cleared his county
Of all illicit whisky-iferous worms,
And largely earned the governmental bounty
And filled court-calendars for many terms,

Yes there was one, long sought-for, undiscovered
Unlicensed still, whose feet in night were set;
Round which the wings of mystery yet hovered—
This is poetical—he couldn't get

Sight of that still, is the fact, plainly stated;
The man who owned it, he was high Muldoon.
And many a weary hour the Jones had waited
To nab that wily worker 'neath the moon.

For though Muldoon seemed a plain, honest person,
To whose mind such-like vanities were strange,
'Twas certain none made whiskey more or worse on
That section of the Appalachian Range.

Now long the Jones had nothing done save hound him;
But to no purpose; that strange still was not
Visible. For Muldoon, he ever found him
A simple rustic soul, without a spot.

But with a variegate vocabulary,
Which he at Jones's head was wont to fling,
Saying: [Fill up with language light and airy,
Born high on blasphemy's propulsive wing.]

"You would disturb a humble, honest tiller,
A humble, honest tiller of the soil?
You would locate Muldoon for a distiller?
Ah, get you hence your cranium to boil!"

Yet would the Jones not rest him from his labors,
The more industrious for jeer and scoff;
Though greeted by unsympathizing neighbors
With the South Carolinian for "come off."

No bribe, no threat, no delicate persuasion,
No hint of tortures fit for Spanish monk,
Would tempt them to reveal th' exact location
Of the far font whereon they all got drunk.

CANTO II.

But the Jones he was a man
Born beneath a lucky star;
And he made him up a plan,
Which it was pe-cu-li-ar.

CANTO III.

The wind blew chill from the north,
In the wee small hours of the night;
The Jones he hied him forth
Under the pale moonlight.
From the government station he hurried down
To the house of the drunkenest man in town.

CANTO IV.

"Arise, arise, thou drunken man!
McNulty, ho! arise!
Though winking mary-buds not yet can
Have oped their dewy eyes;
Arise, and hitch up thy furniture van
To bear the exciseman's prize.

Arise, McNulty, from out thy doze!
I have captured Muldoon his still,
Thou dar'st not refuse to don thy clo'es
At the law's expressed will!"
And McNulty from spirit-slumbers arose,
Feeling remarkably ill.

CANTO V.

And having before his eyes the fear of the law,
McNulty spoke not, nor agitated his jaw.
He harnessed his team, and never suspecting a trick,
Whipped up when the Jones commanded: "Now git thar, quick!"
And he drove by meandering ways that no tongue may tell
To the hiding-place of the still that he loved so well.
And then the exciseman jumped out, and said, cheerfully,
"Thanks!"
So this is the place, is it?"

McNulty replied in blanks.

CANTO VI.

And then the Muldoon from his bed
Arose, and said
Things that are phrased in a way
I may not say.

LIVE AND LET LIVE.

I.

WHEN I look round the world which I dwell in, And compare all the rest with myself, I can feel a proud sentiment swell in— A noble pride—swell in my breast, To see how superior to Neddy, How *very* superior to Sam; How superior to Tom, Dick and Freddy, And the rest of my neighbors I am!

Tom's ugly, and looks all the worse in The light of that beauty of mine, While Sam's pleasant turn for conversing My quickness and wit far outshine; And, in singing, the tenor of Neddy I can drown in my rich baritone, While I join to the learning of Freddy A modesty wholly my own.

When I look in my heart and espy there How noble, how tender, how deep, Are the thoughts and the feelings that lie there, And the secrets that therein I keep, Why, I laugh with a gratified laugh; For I know neither Neddy nor Sam— No, nor Tom, Freddy, Dick—is a half Nor a quarter the man that I am!

II.

Ah! but what if these neighbors of mine Think that *they* are the ones that are blest, Think that I am not *quite* superfine, And that *they're* witty, wise and the rest? I'm human—'tis human to err—so perhaps In an error in this case I fall; Perhaps *they* are right, and perhaps, oh! perhaps I am not such a swell, after all!

Well! I care not! It may not be so that I'm witty or handsome or wise, But then it is pleasant—I know that— To hold myself so in my eyes; And I look on the world all around me, And I see how much sorrow and care, How much evil and error surround me, How little the truth that is there.

And I think that where care is incessant, Where the joys and the truths are so few, I shall hold to what little is pleasant, To what little I know to be true; I shall keep to the views I've already, For the joys that they give to myself, And I shan't begrudge thee, Tom or Neddy, For holding the same of thyself!

W. S. WALSH.

THE LANGUAGEOUS SOUTH.

WE have received the Circular of the White Sulphur Springs Hotel—incidentally, it doesn't call itself a hotel—which palace of delights, as the reader probably knows, is situated in Greenbrier County, West Virginia.

The circular is a small and patent-medicine pamphlet, whose outward appearance gives no hint of the rich treasures of rhetoric it contains. For Strictly Southern opulence of language it far surpasses the interesting school-primer which Mr. Blaine has been reading to his astounded colleagues in Congress; and it has one advantage over those florid productions—it is fresh and modern, not a half-forgotten eccentricity of old days and dead emotions.

It is written by Dr. J. J. Moorman, whose acquaintance, as he would probably say, we have not the honor of possessing. But we con-

gratulate him on his work, and we feel it is but justice to him to reprint some portions of it, not only to give him and his hotel the benefit of a gratuitous advertisement, but to strike the Northern soul dumb with admiration of the rhetoric of the bland and balmy South.

Here are the portions:

"Here is to be found the statesman who, worn down with labor, and his mind unstrung by the cares of office, seeks from the bracing air, the picturesque scenery, and the genial company, not less than from the health-giving waters, that recuperation of his wasted energies in vain sought for elsewhere. Here, too, is found the man of letters, seeking rest from thought and strength for future effort. The poet, too, is here, to quaff vigor from the sparkling fountain, and new images of beauty from nature's lavish stores that are spread around him; and here, too, come in crowds those who have ever plumed the poet's fancy to its sublimest flights—beauteous woman—by her presence brightening every prospect and gracing every scene. Following naturally in her train come those who ever love to bask in beauty's smiles, and find in such scenes the happiest of their youthful hours. Here, too, congregate the reverend clergy, the doctor, the lawyer, the judge, wearied with the burdens of the bench; the man of commerce, the financier, the thrifty planter, the sturdy farmer, and the retired man of wealth and ease. These, reckoned by thousands, make up the company that annually give tone and character to the White Sulphur, and make it at once the Athens and the Paris of America.

The amusements are various in kind and degree. No sketch can give more than a faint shadowing of the pleasures of a visit to the Springs. The freedom from care, the relaxation from bonds which have fettered us to the treadmill of business—the pure mountain air, every breath of which swells the veins and makes the blood tingle with delight—the wild mountain scenery, awakening new thoughts of the grandeur of creation and the mighty power of God—the amenities of social intercourse, relieved from those necessary but vexatious rules of etiquette which hem in fashionable life at home—all these combine to render a visit to the White Sulphur an epoch in life to be looked forward to, and back upon, with pleasurable emotions.

The pleasant walks that penetrate the lawns and environ the ground invite many to healthful exercise. The billiard saloon, with its numerous tables, entices many votaries; the bowling alleys soon resound with the merry laugh of youth and beauty; and thus the hours glide swiftly away; while from another portion of the grounds is heard the clear, keen report from the pistol gallery, telling how promptly young America is preparing to avenge his insulted honor."

We make no comments on the above extracts. In the first place we do not wish to gild refined gold, or to paint the lily; in the second place, we don't care to hear the clear, keen report of the pistol of Dr. Moorman, preparing, like Young America, to avenge his insulted honor."

LITERARY NOTES.

— Mr. Eugene Lawrence is so strong a hater of Romanism that he never reads Pope.

— Mr. Wilkes has considered "Shakspeare from an American point of hue," and finds him considerably off-color.

— It seems quite appropriate that the American editor should appropriate the cereals from the *Cornhill Magazine*.

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL TO RESUME BUSINESS.

MEETING OF PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE CLERGY.

THERE was a notable gathering of Roman Catholic dignitaries, last week, at the residence of His Eminence Mr. Cardinal McCloskey, for the purpose of devising means to relieve Archbishop Purcell of his indebtedness. Much unanimity characterized the proceedings, and everything passed off most beautifully and smoothly. It will be seen from our report that Mr. Archbishop Purcell's troubles are now over. The money is practically raised; the only thing to do being to collect it.

MR. CARDINAL McCLOSKEY, who presided, said that the meeting was called to see how much money could be raised in the shortest possible period to pay Mr. Purcell's debts. When people borrowed money, they ought to pay it if they could. If they couldn't, they ought to get other people to pay it for them. This is what he would suggest in Mr. Purcell's case. Indeed it was the only way to do it, and a capital way it was.

MR. ARCHBISHOP GIBBONS entirely concurred in the remarks that had fallen from the lips of his learned friend, Mr. Cardinal McCloskey. He had but few new points to offer. It appeared to him—in fact it almost amounted to a conviction—that if the honorable member for Cincinnati, Archbishop Purcell, had received large sums of money of different people, and hadn't paid it back, he still owed it. He trusted that his venerable brothers followed his (Mr. Gibbons's) argument. Now, if the money was still owing, it might with strict propriety be paid; and if it wasn't paid, it would still be owing. And if Mr. Purcell was short a few hundred thousand dollars, it was exceedingly easy to make him long again by asking other people to present to Mr. Purcell's creditors any small or large bills they had lying around loose—he wasn't particular as to the denomination. He should hail with joy the liquidation of the debt, and he congratulated the Cardinal on the originality of his suggestion in calling upon the faithful to pay up for Mr. Purcell's benefit.

MR. BISHOP O'REILLY thought that if the people took upon themselves the debts of the Senator from Cincinnati, Mr. Archbishop Purcell, this gentleman wouldn't owe anything.

MR. BISHOP DE GOESBRIAND had, after mature consideration, come to the conclusion that, in order to wipe out the liabilities of Mr. Purcell, it was necessary to wipe them out in a manner, the particulars of which he should have much pleasure in laying before the meeting. His Excellency then explained his scheme, which was to the effect that the numerous Catholic congregations throughout the country should be induced to subscribe a sufficiently large sum to cover Mr. Archbishop Purcell's overdraft of the cash deposited with him by a confiding flock.

THE CO-ADJUTOR-BISHOP OF HOBOKEN ventured to dissent from the opinions which had been so eloquently expressed by his brothers-in-arms. He thought that His Holiness Mr. Purcell should not have run into debt; and if he did, it wasn't the duty of Catholics to be called upon to pay for his extravagance, for—Here reporters were ordered to withdraw. On their re-admission the Coadjutor-Bishop of Hoboken was nowhere to be seen.

The meeting then terminated, every dignitary returning to his hotel with intense feelings of satisfaction that Archbishop Purcell's affairs had been so admirably and expeditiously settled.



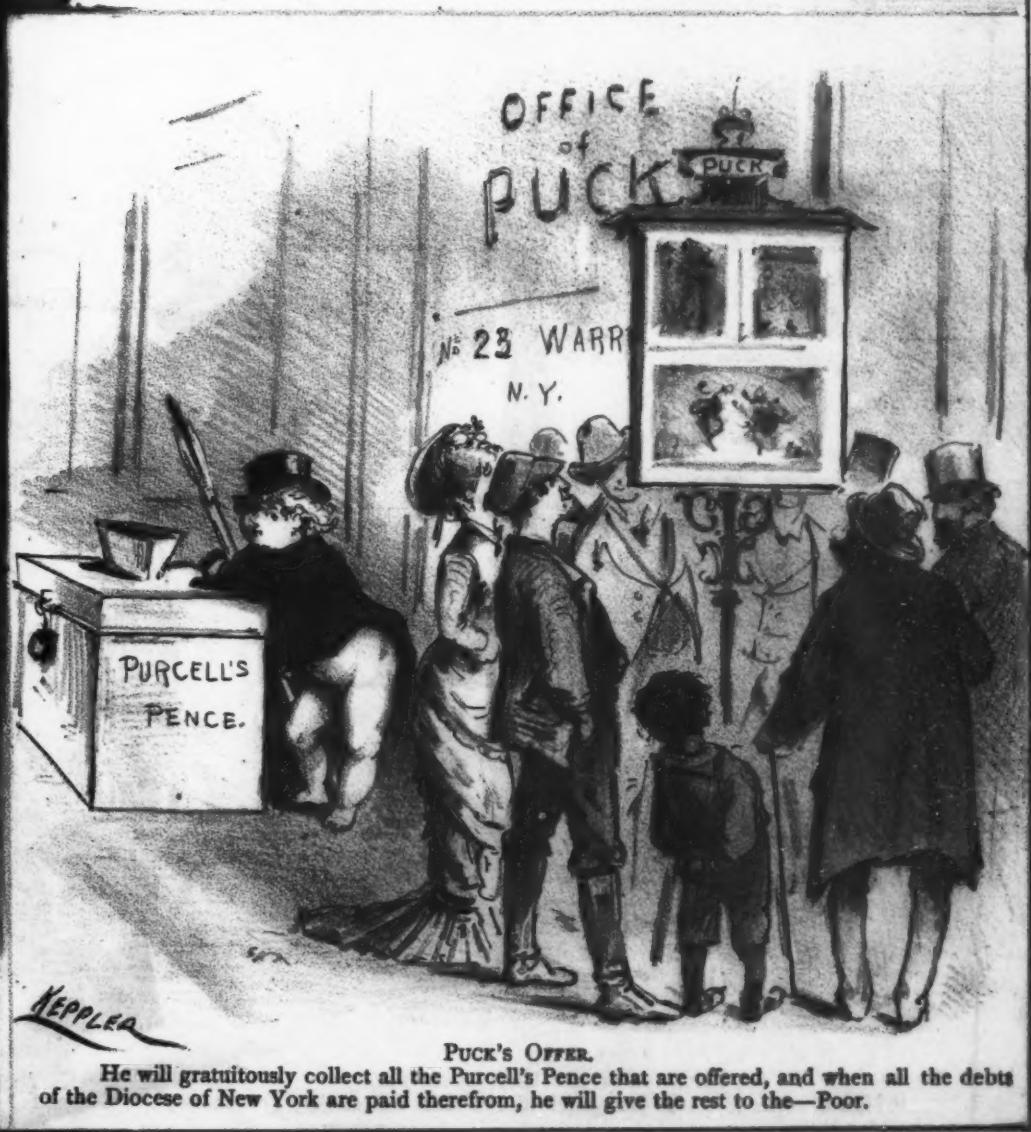
A Party who can Afford to Subscribe.



VOICES FROM THE CHURCH-TOWERS.

"They'd better lift those mortgages off our backs before they give money to outsiders."

PURCELL'S PENCE; OR, RUBB



ROBING PETER TO PAY PAUL.

RETURN OF THE 13TH FROM CANADA.



"On Sunday afternoon, when the Americans were preparing to leave, many cut buttons from their uniforms to be saved for keepsakes."—*New York Daily Papers*, May 27th.

THE COACHING CLUB PARADE.

WE do not wish to acquire the reputation of being wet blankets and killjoys, but we have the faculty of seeing things in so very different a light from that of the majority of people that it ought no longer be a matter of surprise when our ideas do not coincide with theirs.

The well-dressed multitude that gathered in Madison Square and on Fifth Avenue, on Thursday last, were of course much impressed at the fine display of coaches driven by the curled darlings of shoddy fashion that passed in review before them.

And why shouldn't they be?

The drivers in most instances were more than average specimens of humanity in appearance, the women were nearly all pretty, and the teams were unexceptionable.

We have personally no objection to Messrs. Leonard Jerome, August Belmont, or any other nouveau riche, indulging in all the four-in-hand exercise they please—it amuses them and it doesn't hurt us. Besides they presumably pay for the luxury out of their own well-filled pockets, and as the United States does not boast of any sumptuary laws we don't see why these coaching gentlemen should not be allowed to air their eccentricities to the fullest extent.

But it is neither eccentricity nor sporting taste that actuates the majority of the members of the Coaching Club. It is simply an exceedingly reprehensible spirit of cheap and vulgar ostentatious snobbery, a would-be aristocratic Anglomania—not a nice thing in an American citizen. The plaudits of the street crowd are of much more importance to these fine-drawn coachmen than their affection for the amusement.

Thackeray said to a retired London merchant, who lamented his fate in not being a peer: "If you can't be a duke, do what a duke does: go and shoot grouse."

Our Coaching Club, who, unfortunately, can't be dukes or peers or scions of aristocracy any of description, approach the genuine article as nearly as possible by doing what they think an English duke would do.

Now, if the Duke of This or Earl of That tools his team of grays or bays to Brighton or Guilford, he does it for his own amusement; without reference to what people may think. He may be, and in all probability is a consummate ass, or next door to an idiot—but he is an important factor in a decaying institution in a conservative, old-fashioned country, and nobody minds him.

But cast your eye down the list of the followers in the footsteps of our ducal example.

Who are they?

A number of successful speculators and tradesmen, who are neither dukes nor earls, and, perhaps with two or three exceptions, would

not have considered it a distinguished honor to have been on intimate terms with their own grandfathers, if that party was at all presentable.

It may be the extremely Correct Kibosh to drive a four-in-hand, but, as a matter of fact, it is about as awkward and clumsy a thing on wheels as a Roman chariot or a car of Juggernaut.

If the American gentleman of means and refinement really wants to take his friends out for an airing in a handsome vehicle, some of our unrivaled manufacturers can turn him out a much more desirable and commodious article than anything constructed on the model of the fossil English stage-coach. "But then, you see, it wouldn't be English, you know."

The Coaching Parade, however, has some redeeming features about it. We mean the display of beauty, in the shape of the pretty women who graced the outsides of the respective equipages. Perhaps we may be considered prudish, but, delightful as the contemplation of female loveliness always is, we don't think it quite too awfully nice and consistent with the modesty and grace that ought to characterize the sex to ride on the top of coaches in a procession, and be exhibited to the gaping populace, as if they were allegorical groups in a shambles Carnival procession.

THE POWER OF FANCY.



SALOON KEEPER:—"Shonny, put owit der tree; dot garten opens to-day."

THE THEATRES.

"Jasper" is now the reigning attraction at the BROADWAY. Of its kind it is decidedly an effective production. As its authorship has as many claims as "Beautiful Snow," we prefer being reticent on the subject. Mr. Sam. Devere, however, makes a specialty of the play, much to the satisfaction of audiences of considerable magnitude.

No piece on the stage of the FIFTH AVENUE THEATRE has ever been more satisfactorily performed than "Fatinitza," the last nights of which are announced, the torrid strength of summer asserting its sway.

The MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (late Gilmore's) opened on Saturday night last. The attendance was large, and if the management keeps to the letter all that it has promised, we shall feel happy accordingly.

There is a new "Pinafore" at the STANDARD. Comparisons are odious, but this "Pinafore" is good. At any rate, it isn't so very much behind the veritable and original lately at this house, which has now followed Horace Greeley's advice and gone west.

Miss Ada Cavendish appeared on Monday evening at WALLACK'S as *Julia* in "The Hunchback. If leading actresses will persist in achieving triumphs on Monday nights, they must not expect proper notices the following Wednesday, as PUCK always goes to press too early to do justice to the subject.

A very seasonable entertainment is given at the UNION SQUARE THEATRE by Rice's Surprise Party. Its latest agony is "Horrors," which altogether belies its name. The singing is enjoyable, and, although the dialogue is not calculated to call in the aid of the fire department to extinguish the Atlantic Ocean, the piece is well adapted to while away a couple of hours comfortably. Miss Louise Searle and Mr. Willie Edouin carried off the honors.

Answers for the Anxious.

HASLTINE.—She smiles.

A. H. BEST, Savannah.—Send on your documents. But remember! While we shall be most happy to polish off the Savannah Benevolent Society if they have been doing anything to deserve it, we have the same threshing-machine for any one who shall prove to have accused them falsely. If you have proofs, prepare to mail them now; if you haven't, brace up for a trip through our patent agitator. Don't let this prospect deter you, however, from coming to the front if you have any reason for such a movement.

ALICE FITZGERALD.—Alice, you may be a young woman, but you show very few signs of it. You want someone to kill you with a kiss, do you? Well, the onion season is in full blast, and—well, you are a poet, and you do not want treatment that smacks of levity. So we will reply to you with distinguished consideration and seriousness. You say you will do better next time. Very well, let us hear from you—next time. This time you are altogether too poetical for this paper; and, moreover, the public takes very little interest in your personal osculatory experiences. Miss Fitzgerald, you have made an unwarrantable attempt to win our sympathy by imposing yourself upon us for a young female person. Own up that you are an unromantic he, and try to be funny "next time."

E. C. S.—We publish your letter in all its pristine purity:

SAVANAH Ga May 23rd 1879.

Dear PUCK
Please inform me why a Barbers sine is Red White and Blue have asked Several Pappers and they cant tell me
and Oblidge
yours Respfully

E. C. SMITH.

Mr. Smith, it were a sin to waste the divine gift of humor upon a man who indulges in an orthography so original and striking as yours. We decline to admit any levity into our reply to your question. In olden times the barbers were also surgeons—even now you will find country hair-cutters who practise dentistry. Their sign was a bleeding arm, wound round with a white bandage; sometimes it was a phlebotomist's copper basin. The bloody arm in time got to be a simple pole, and the American barber, who knew nothing about its origin, added a blue stripe to the red and white, from obvious patriotic motives.

ARCHIE GASCOYNE,

A ROMANCE OF SKYE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR PUCC,

BY

JOHN FRASER,

AUTHOR OF

"Effie: a Tale of Two Worlds;" "Essays from the Westminster;" "Duncan Fenwick's Daughter;" "Fair Fragoletta;" "Scottish Chapbooks;" "A Dream of a Life;" "Legends of Lorne;" "Lone Glengartney," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VII.

AFTER a supper in which Bilston exerted himself nobly to give his visitors a genuine Scotch "tousy tea," and to which our friends did ample justice—the Doctor especially distinguishing himself by prodigies of gastronomical prowess—Archie and Bilston mysteriously disappeared, as did also a choice selection of rods and fishing-tackle, while Bob descended into the depths of the fore cabin with the laudable object of Delilahing the Scottish Samson and making a night of it.

And a night of it they did make. Argyllshire gamekeepers and gillies are famous for their powers of absorbing Glenlivet, and Hamish, the keeper, was no exception. At first, the Doctor began to entertain grave doubts that his efforts were going to prove a failure, if indeed his companion did not suspect a rat, and was determined on circumventing his treacherous entertainer, so great was Hamish's incipient modesty, and so apparently genuine his affected dislike to the stimulating glass.

"Na, na, Doctor, she'll no take all that, indeed she'll no; its is far too much, and she'll have a long way to go to-night, and she'll hev to look for poachers on the river first."

Saying which Hamish put down his half-finished glass with an air of stern and apparently invincible determination that made Bob shudder.

A little urging from that guileless youth, however, a few more "No another drop," "She'll no tek any more," and finally, as the great brawny hand wandered, as if unconsciously, and with constitutional reluctance, in the direction of the gill, a "Weel, weel, since ye're so pressing, Doctor, she'll jist take this other taste," and Hamish took off his glass.

After that the Doctor felt secure of victory, and as, under the influence of repeated libations, Hamish's tongue became unloosed, and his native shyness in the presence of a Southern gradually thawed and finally disappeared, he developed a power of suction and volubility of speech that first amused, then frightened, and finally fairly appalled his listener.

"And so you'll be from the south, Doctor, and you'll be going to fush and shoot up in Skye; but she'll not believe in Sassenach's fishing at all, at all. Excepting wan that kem to Oban thuss time last year, they're all poor things with the fushing-rod and gun. Ther wass wan party of shentlemen kem to the "big hoose" wass Martinmas last, when I wass keeper to the Laird off Lunga, and they wass London shentlemen, and ferry grand and ruch, and they had as more rods and guns and dogs as Breadalbin himself, and they could not fush nor shoot so much as a kailrunt. But they wass affa keen on the fushing' the first day, and nothin' wud do but we must net the big preserved pond on the river, wher the sahmun (salmon) wass as thick as bees in a hive; an' the Laird wass no wullin', but they wass great shentlemen and he did nott like to refuse. So we went out in the morning with the big net—my-

self and big John Ruah and Erchie Bhan and sum more, and we hauled the big net, and we got more as sixty salmon the first haul, and sum of them as big as a muchibeerach (porpoise)—yuss and bigger. But ther wass wann off them as wass bigger than enny of them, and the Laird wass rale proud off it, and so wass we. An' what do you think but nothing wud do wan of the Sassenachs but he wud put his hook into the big sahmun and let it off in the river, an' he wud play it!"

"But you didn't let him?" interrupted the Doctor.

"Och, if it wass left to me, he wud not hev got leave to do it for more than twenty gulls (gills) off the best; but the Laird dud nott like too refuse, and we had to put the hook into the big fush, and it wass big John Ruah that did it. And I went to him and I says, says I, 'John Ruah, you'll be a foolish man'—but I whispered it low that the Sassenachs wood not hear—'John Ruah,' said I, 'give it three great big blows on the head with the clip and make it silly.' But John wass frightened, and says John Ruah, 'Do it yourself, Hamish.' And so she'll took the clip and she'll give the big fush three great blows on the head and she'll mek him silly. And when she thought he wass silly enough she let him off, and the Sassenach began playing him, and at the first he wood not play, for he wass silly. But he got better inn a little, for she had not made him silly enough, and the Sassenach could not fush no more as a plough, and I saw he wass going to let him off, and I jumped to him and catched the fushing-rod, and says I, 'Guv it to me, sir—he'll get off!' And the Sassenach was mad, and he said, 'Get off, fellow,' and the Laird—though I could see he was not well pleased with the Sassenach—he told me to stand back. And I did, and by Got the fish broke away that minute, and it took all the line with it, and the fushing-rod, too, and the Sassenach was at the end off it, and it took him too, and we had to fush him out. And I turned to John Ruah and says I, 'Got dam, John, I was a dam fool I did not knock him sillier;' and says John to me, 'You should have knocked the Sassenach silly, Hamish;' and says I to John, 'He wass silly enough and more, John, before.' And—yes, she'll take another glass, and your good health, Doctor," and Hamish polished off another.

The recital of his grievances affected Hamish so much that he began to drink more rapidly than ever, till at last, in the middle of a story about a monster "pig" (pike) he had killed in Loch Awe with a grape, he fell fast asleep.

With a sigh of relief Bob got up from the table, his head buzzing confusedly, for, with all his care, he had taken more than was quite good for him, and scrambled upon deck to find the pale moon shining from a cloud-flecked but glorious summer sky. The night wind from the lake was delightfully refreshing and cool, and the mighty shadows on Cruachan were piled thick, black and deep.

"By Jove," said Bob to himself, as he lit a fresh cigar and stepped on shore, "what fellows these are to drink! I'm half afraid to venture along the bank for fear of falling, but I should like to come upon Gascoyne and Bilston. Hope they have got some fish. But what fellows these are to drink!"—and rubbing his heated forehead with his hand, the speaker slowly sauntered down the Awe.

Meanwhile Archie and his guide had had a right royal time of it, while the Professor lay quietly asleep in his bunk, and by the time the day had fairly broken, they had captured a fine salmon each, besides several goodly-sized grilse and trout. By this hour it was time for them to return to the steamer, for fear of being caught by the Laird or some of his dependents, and when the trio got back they found the Professor emerging from his cabin, and Hamish, apparently none the worse of his night's potations, strapping his plaid around him and calling for his dog.

To the fishers, however, he was judiciously blind, and we dare say had the reward he wanted, as he and Bilston retired into the fore-cabin, and when Hamish re-emerged he was wiping his lips with his coat-sleeve, and his face had an even redder glow than usual.

Shortly afterwards the Oban coach came rattling up, and, after bidding Captain Young and the steward a cordial good-bye, our three travelers mounted the stage box and drove off.

They stayed that night in Oban, and early next morning—after telegraphing to Macdonald of Eleninver to meet them with the carriage at Portree that evening—they set off in the steamer for Skye.

CHAPTER VIII.

Over a sun-lit sea,
Under an azure sky,
My love came wooing me,
With the love-light in his eye;
And my hand in his, and his in mine,
Felt a thrill we two could alone divine.

* * *
Over a raging sea,
Under an angry sky,
My lover went forth from me,
With a TERROR in his eye;
And my hand in his, and his in mine,
Shall never again ONE thought divine.

PORTREE may be called the capital of Skye; indeed it is the only place on the Island which by any stretch of courtesy can be called a town, or even, we might almost say, a village. Its resident population can hardly exceed seven or eight hundred, if it reaches that, though in summer this number is largely increased by the army of tourists and strangers who annually invade Skye, and make Portree their headquarters. There is virtually but one thoroughfare, that running down close to the pier; the other streets, very few and short, radiating from it at right angles on either side.

Portree boasts its courthouse, county building, prison, postal and telegraph office, two banks, and, like most Scottish villages, a superfluity of churches. It also possesses two large and well-conducted hotels, and as its physical ailments attended to by no fewer than three doctors.

In summer, under bright skies and surrounded by the sunlit ocean, Portree is quite pretty and picturesque, its quaint little white-washed houses embosomed amid green trees, while away behind it stretch miles of cultivated field, of woodland and hill and glen.

But in winter, when the tiny fleet of fishing-skiff and yacht have folded their white wing, and brown, and sought shelter from the storms and the gay crowd of visitors has taken its departure for the season, Portree is about as uninteresting a spot as can well be imagined.

Shrouded in mist, swept by ceaseless torrents of wind-driven waves, and washed by the spin-drift and spray of the tempestuous ocean, its gray rocks and boulders, stripped of their lichen and moss, look ominously blank, and the houses that but a month before had looked white and cosy, have a drenched, shivering, forsaken, dirty-gray appearance.

But on the arrival of our three travelers, the little place was looking its best, and as the steamer glided into the harbor the scene was animated and picturesque in the extreme. While yet they were a long way off, they could see quite a number of gaily-dressed ladies and gentlemen waiting the arrival of the boat, many of them waving hands and handkerchiefs, and making violent efforts to attract the attention of friends on board.

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Professor, his face lighting up with pleasure, "there's mater and Maggie and the governor!" and he waved his hand in the direction of one of the groups.

Gascoyne—or as we must positively call him in future—Campbell and the Doctor followed the direction of the salute. There could be no mistaking the Macdonalds. The Professor had already made his two friends as familiar with them as words and photographs could, so that they had no difficulty in recognizing them.

"That's Miss Maggie for a pony!" whispered the Doctor to Campbell. "She's magnificent!"

But his friend made no response; he could not withdraw his gaze from the young girl. A moment later her eyes caught his. To her he was a complete stranger, she not even dreaming who he was, but something in the young fellow's look called the blood to her face, and with a flush she turned her head aside.

Campbell, too, flushed, but guiltily, and as if ashamed of himself; why he could hardly tell, possibly did not know. All he *did* know was that he saw before him the loveliest face he had ever seen, and if he were never to see her again, that face and figure would remain photographed upon his mind.

Not that he ever dreamed of anything like love. In "Romeo and Juliet," and amid the cypress groves, and under the hot skies of the fiery south, love at first sight is a possible—for aught we know, a commonplace event. But in our colder and less stimulating climate it is so purely exceptional an emotion—or shall we say passion, as signifying something deeper and more abiding?—as to be phenomenal. All Archie thought was that she was "beautiful exceedingly," and he was very glad he was about to meet her.

But while we have been talking the steamer has approached the pier, and while yet some feet off, all on board were startled by the appearance of a brawny young Highlander, in a great round woollen bonnet, slouched jauntily to a side, rough Tweed suit and Knickerbockers, who, with the easy grace of a Roman athlete, took a flying leap from the pier on to the paddle-box, followed by a black, reddish-brown and white colley (shepherd's dog).

In another instant he was along side our friends, and shaking hands with the Professor with a vigor that sent an apprehensive thrill through the Doctor's breast.

"And how are you, old boy?" cried the young Hercules irreverently. "Jove! but we're glad to see you," and again he shook and shook his brother's hand.

"First rate," said the Professor, smiling at Alister's enthusiasm, as he looked lovingly on the fresh, brave, boyish face. "And how are they all?"

"All splendid—that is, except Brown Bess."

"Well, well," interrupted his brother, smiling, "we'll let the mare drop for the present, but here we are at the pier. Just look after my two friends, Alister—I'll introduce you by and by—while I see to the luggage."

Mr. and Mrs. Macdonald and Miss Maggie now came up, and the Professor, after kissing the two ladies affectionately, and shaking his father's hands warmly, introduced his friends, and the party, leaving the Professor and Alister to see to the *impedimenta*, wended their way up the pier in the direction of the hotel where the carriage stood in waiting.

"Just my luck," thought Campbell to himself, as Gleninver, in hearty Highland fashion, linked his arm in his and led him off, leaving the ladies to the charge of the not unwilling Bob.

"Glad to welcome you to Skye, Mr. Campbell," said Gleninver, "and hope you'll like your new quarters. They're somewhat different, I dare say, from those you have left in the more luxurious south, and we, like our own hills, are plain folk; but we will do our best to make you at home."

"Many thanks, sir, for your kindness; to tell the truth, I feel almost at home already. Kenneth—the Professor, I should say"—

"Huts, huts, man, just call him Kenneth—it's the name he was christened by, and if it's not good enough for him, he'll get no other here. Besides, from the way he has written of you, he and you must be close friends; and, to be plain with you, I'm not sorry for the fact. You see, I judge a good deal from first appearances, and I like yours. So there's my hand on't; I'll do all I can to make our mountain rudeness tolerable to you, and Gleninver was never yet known to go back upon his word."

The young lad blushed as he took the outstretched hand and returned the Highland grip with a true Northumbrian shake.

"I—I hardly know how to"—he began to stammer in reply.

"Of course not," interrupted Gleninver, "but you will by and by. Kenneth says you're of English blood, but I don't believe it. Egad, sir, you'd almost pass for a Macdonald."

"As to that, I am of English descent, but my mother was a Scotchwoman."

"I knew it!" cried Gleninver triumphantly. "And of what family or clan?"

"Your own, sir!"

"Now, by my faith, you more than delight me; we must have it out on the way home, or, better still, after dinner, for you must be tired now. By the way, your friend the Doctor—he is Irish, is he not?"

"Yes, sir, and of a good stock, too; and a right good fellow you'll find the Doctor to be."

"I'm sure of that—I'm sure of that. It's a pity he's not a Highlander; but many of our clans were originally Irish, and at any rate he's a Macdonald."

So chatting, they made their way slowly towards the hotel, where they were speedily rejoined by the rest of the party, when they found that the Doctor, as usual, had already become intimate with the two ladies, and the three were laughing and talking together as freely as if they had known one another all their lives.

By and by Kenneth and Alister, with the inevitable colley, Rover, at their heels, joined them, and leaving the luggage to the care of the gillies, to be taken home in the dog-cart, they mounted the carriage, and our old acquaintance John, of the red, round, puffy cheeks, taking the whip and reins in hand, drove off, the two grays going at a pace which showed how well they knew they were homeward-bound.

This time our hero was more fortunate. The carriage was a sort of double one—that is, it had a small seat behind, which being separated from the main body of the vehicle and being seated only for two, afforded more opportunities for quiet flirtation and talk than those in front.

(To be continued.)



Puck's Exchanges.

CONGRESSIONAL PROCEEDINGS.

In the House, Mr. Murch introduced a bill providing for the payment of the national debt in thirty, sixty, and ninety days. Also, for the interchange of gold, silver and greenback bullion, and making it a felony for any miner in Colorado to dig out more gold than greenbacks.

Mr. Weaver introduced a bill to provide for the opening and developing of greenback mines in all States and Territories where gold and silver mines are now operated.

By Mr. Gunter—For the relief of John Jones, who was kept awake all last Friday night with the earache, and had to help his wife take care of the baby all the next day.

By Hoyle—Providing that in all cases three of a kind shall beat two pair.

By De La Matyr—Providing for the coinage of \$500,000,000,000 greenbacks to be loaned by the government on collateral security such as watches, pistols, good clothes, clocks and articles of household furniture, to all deserving people, special provision being made for the following loans, on twenty-five years time, without interest: To Wm. Smith, \$15, to aid him in building a woodshed; to Thomas Jones, \$50, to put in a bay window in his new house; to Daniel Jackson, \$1.25 for a new pair of suspenders, and to James Morrison 75 cents to get his boots half-soled.

By Johnson—To regulate the amount of rainfall and the course and velocity of the prevailing winds in Wayne county.

By Thistlepod—Establishing the price of corn at \$1.97 cents per bushel, and wheat at \$2.65 cents per bushel, and reducing the price of coffee and sugar to 2½ a pound.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

THE stump speaker ought never to indulge in stilted oratory.—*N. Y. News*.

TACKS on spirit: This is the time of year when Toodles comes in late, tries to steal upstairs in his stocking feet, and suddenly gives a yell like a Comanche.—*Cincinnati Commercial*.

THERE evidently was a diversity of conflicting religious beliefs on earth from the very planting of the primeval Garden, for one of the earliest acts recorded of Adam was the establishing of the "Eve-angelical Alliance."—*Meriden Recorder*.

IF a man really wants to know of how little importance he is, let him go with his wife to a dressmaker.—*Modern Argo*. And if a man wants to know of how much importance he is, just wait until the dressmaker sends her bill in for payment.—*N. Y. Express*.

A WOMAN took her place in the line at the post-office yesterday, and when her turn came she placed a quarter before the cashier, with the announcement that she would take seven three-cent stamps, two ones, one postal card, and one o' them air new \$10 stiffs.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

A YOUNG man who had had some verses anent Spring rejected by the editor of the Stockton *Bugle*, called at the office of that paper on Thursday last and killed the editor. This is not absolutely true; but it is a little variation upon the orthodox lie, which would end the other way.—*San Francisco Wasp*.

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BAY RIDGE DIVISION.

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Leroy street—9:35, 10:35, 11:35 A. M.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35, 5:35 P. M.

Pier 8—9:55, 10:55, 11:55 A. M.; 12:55, 1:55, 2:55, 3:55, 4:55, 5:55 P. M.

RETURNING LEAVE

Manhattan Beach—8, 10, 11 A. M.; 12, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 P. M.

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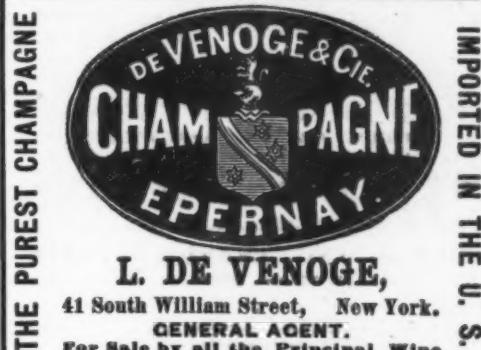
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Our independent artist, finding ideas very scarce this week, has quietly left the last page to be filled by the unfortunate editor, who has been forced to avail himself of one of his esteemed friend Mr. Thomas Nast's patent double-back-action reversible cartoons, suitable to all occasions, and to all weathers.

What is sauce for the *Harper's* is sauce for PUCK. The reader can select for himself an idea appropriate to the young woman in the picture. Behold the works of the editorial genius. You pays your money and you takes your choice of ideas. This is a genuine Nast caption.